

STORIES SAID TO BE TRUE.

An Appreciable Distinction—Acknowledged His Signature—Mississippi Fog—He'll Never Tell the Truth Again—Died of a Short Tree.

AN APPRECIABLE DISTINCTION. A story is told to the effect that a drunken reporter stumbled into his office late one night. The city editor said to him: "Hello, Sam, drunk as usual." "No," he replied, "not near so drunk as usual. I can write my name."—Washington Capital.

ACKNOWLEDGED HIS SIGNATURE. A man from a neighboring town wished one of our banks to take his note, a short time ago. The directors said they would cash his note if his brother would endorse it. The next day in came the man with his brother's signature on the note. The bank took it and paid the money. When the note became due the signer did not pay it, and the bank notified the brother. That gentleman came into the counting-room in amazement, and asked, "What have you against me?"

"Didn't you endorse a note for your brother?" asked the cashier. "Not that I know of," replied the man. "Isn't this your signature?" demanded the bank official, producing the note. The man looked at his name, written on the paper, and rubbed his eyes.

"Yes," said he, "that's my signature, sure; but I should think he might have allowed me to write it!"

MISSISSIPPI FOGS. "A fog catches you sometimes, and what then?" "Then we go by guess—plain guess. We move slow and have one hand on the engineer's bell all the time. We nose up into the bushes once in a while, and back out and turn around. Oh, it's amusing what capers a boat will cut in the fog. Why, I recall once, I was on the Alice Vivian going up at the foot of the Island, when the fog came on so dense you had to brush it aside to see your hand. We chattered around there for a long time, now onto this bank, now into that, and having \$50 worth of the dearest fun you ever saw, when all at once I found we were in a pocket with a bank on both sides of us and a bank a little way ahead. Yes, sir, we were 200 yards up in Three-Mile-Creek, having come down the river to accomplish this feat.

About two years ago I was following Capt. Peoples, of the Johnson, in a fog, listening to her escape pipes and steering well to the point. I thought everything was going all right when the Johnson came steaming back and I learned that Capt. Peoples had been up the Tennessee river and was going right through the Atlantic ocean, when he heard a dog bark. Knowing there was no dog put down on his chart he turned back and came down where I was.

"Well, we run by dog barking, by rooster crowing, by pig squeals. These are reliable signs to run by. Sometimes we run by the stopping bell, and then by the rudder. You see, we ring the bell and accordingly as it sounds with a faint or a quick echo we judge how far we are from the shore. We sometimes stop the boat over so often just to hear the bell echo, and then it is almost the same thing with the whistle and with the wheel. When the wheel is grinding away close in shore she makes an awful roar, but when we are well out in the middle of the stream you can scarcely hear it. The other way of judging the run of the boat and her direction is by the feel of the rudder. When the pilot's wheel turns hard we know which way she is heading, even when we cannot see the jacksaft. Of course it is a science to some degree, but for the most part piloting in a fog is pure guesswork."—Mobile Register.

HE'LL NEVER TELL THE TRUTH AGAIN. I heard a good story the other day of a Brooklyn gentleman who is now a member of the State Assembly. He belonged to a club in South Brooklyn to which a number of politicians belonged, and every night there was a game of poker at the rooms. One night he became so interested in the game that he did not quit till nearly 6 o'clock in the morning. When he got home he found his wife sitting up for him.

"What has kept you out so late?" the gentle spouse inquired. "Well, my dear, I was down at the club and got to playing poker. I was out and couldn't leave till I got even."

"Well, go to bed," suggested the loving wife. As soon as the poker player was safely asleep his better half put on her street clothes and proceeded to the club house to ascertain whether or not her liege lord was telling the truth. Arriving at the house she saw the colored steward—John, by name.

"Has Mr. — been here to-night?" she asked of the dusky youth. "Yes'm." "What time did he leave?" John thought it would never do to say about 6 o'clock in the morning, so with a view of smoothing things over he determined to tell a lie. "But 11 o'clock, missis," he replied. There was fire in the lady's eye. She rushed home at breakneck speed, and when she reached it flew into the bedroom and woke up her sleeping husband.

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